

Christmas in the Holy Land

THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD

The commission to preach the Gospel puts a silver trumpet to our lips, with which to proclaim good tidings to the continents and the isles of the sea. It uncovers men before themselves, lifts the heart toward things divine, unveils a star of hope to billow with its rays our deepest darkness, and brings a multitude before God to receive the Crown of Life which fadeth not away. This is not the office of angels, but of men.

—Rev. Walter J. Graig.

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CATHERINE RUTH SMITH, Editor

Unmovable Warriors

Dear Warriors of the Lord:-

Are you finding the prayer battle strenuous? Leave the perplexed and pious modern Rationalists alone. Their religion may be mere newspaper talk, and speculative discussions. Let us hold fast to the life-giving, soul-inspiring Word of God. This is our Sword of the Spirit. Read that glorious message, the Revelation, — the last word in the grand old Book. Hear what the Spirit is saying, today, to you and to all His warriors. Dr. A. C. Gaebel's book on "The Revelation" will stir you to pray for world conditions. We must pray as the Holy Spirit directs us.

World-wide upheavals are to be expected. "When you see these things begin to come to pass, lift up your heads . . ." Praise Him . . . He is at the doors. The world-vision will arouse the prayer faculties, and in the mighty Name of Jesus things will happen, far beyond your expectations. Then your personal affairs will soon be adjusted to the Divine Will. God's purposes first, and personal needs in their right order. Then the worries and anxieties will fly out of the door, and you will rejoice because His promises are sure and absolutely true.

God's unmovable warriors are described in I Corinthians 15:58: "steadfast and unmovable." You have resolved to help evangelize Europe and other lands. Stick to it. Hold on! Stand firm! The adversary threatens to close doors to the Truth. Our unmovable Brother Stettler is praying for help to produce God's Truth for the millions in perplexity. He hates debt, and we can help to keep him out of it. Dr. Yuk and his self-sacrificing assistants need all the encouragement we can bestow upon them. Others in France, Austria, Germany, etc., crave our prayer-fellowship. Let all God's warriors be "unmovable," rejoicing in the midst of universal confusion and delusion. Nothing staggers the boastful, godless worldling like a bold, glad testimony for the Lord and His Redeeming Love.

Yours, always abounding in His inspiring work,

F. SPENCER JOHNSON.

Eldon House, Croydon, England.

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Christmas in the Holy Land

After labor, rest is sweet. It is a good thing, at the end of the year, to take a few days' vacation, and to make a little trip through the Holy Land. We have reached the end of the year 1950, having served 10,590 patients, approximately two thousand more than in the previous year, but still without approaching our annual figures for the old clinic, which ran as high as sixteen to nineteen thousand.

But, thanks be to God, He has given us strength to live and to serve through the whole year. There have been difficulties, especially with respect to the climate (in the summer we are actually just as sick as the patients), and also with respect to the location where the clinic is situated, of which I have written to Dr. Smith in detail, and concerning which I have asked for prayer. During this year we have been visited by a number of noteworthy guests from the United States of America and from other lands, such religious leaders, for instance, as Mr. G. T. B. Davis. Sitting beside me in my study for about half an hour, he prayed twice, but it was not merely prayer, it was a conversation with the Lord. So close to him was the presence of Jesus that, with perfect simplicity, he would interrupt his conversation with those who sat near him, and begin to talk with Christ. The living Lord was truly present there. Other visitors have included Brother Clapham of New Zealand, Brother Gook and his wife from Iceland, Brother Shepherd and his wife from New York, and so on. All have promised to pray. We are all united by the blood of the Lamb.

And now about the trip. Brother Ostrovsky had previously made a plan to visit Haifa and Nazareth in connection with his religious work. Knowing that the clinic would be closed for several days owing to the holidays, he proposed that I should accompany him. I joyfully accepted this proposal: it has been several years since I have been away from Tel Aviv and its environs. On the road, Brother O. said to me: "Tell Dr. Smith that it is only thanks to the new tires, sent by the Fellowship, that we are able to make this long trip: on the old ones I would never dare to venture so far." We decided to go even to Tiberias.

Only he who lives constantly in the stuffy, dusty atmosphere of a city, without ever leaving it, shut up as it were within the stone walls of houses, can picture to himself what it means to sit by the open window of an automobile, and to glide along roads that lead among mountains and valleys, and through the fields. I filled my lungs with the pure air, as one drinks a healing draught.

The end of December, here, is the very best time of the year. It is like the European spring. It was December 26th, at 8.45 in the morning, when we started off in the direction of Haifa. The weather was wonderful, the air was cool and transparent, the sun was clear and mild. Beside me, at the wheel, sat Brother Ostrovsky. It is delightful to sit beside a believing brother and to exchange observations with him, when before the swiftly moving automobile there constantly open new prospects which are worthy of comment. Brother O. is well acquainted with Palestine.

It is about nine o'clock in the morning. We are passing the flourishing little town of Hedera. Here, formerly, there were only marshes, where malaria and death held sway. European pioneers dug canals, drained off the water from the marshes, and planted eucalyptus trees, which draw up the water. The marshes disappeared, malaria and death vanished, but, to tell the truth, the pioneers also disappeared and vanished; they perished, but they had conquered.

It is 9.30 A.M. We are passing by Caesarea. It lies on our left, where in the distance one can see the blue sea. On the right, old Mount Carmel gradually lifts itself into view. Taking his hand from the wheel, Brother O., with a swift movement, points to the left, and says: "That is where the Apostle Paul lay in prison for two years." The car still moves swiftly on, and I turn my head in the direction of Caesarea. Yes, that is where the Apostle Paul was imprisoned: he saw and looked at this same sea, which I am now admiring, but not, like me, from the window of a speeding automobile, — rather, from the narrow window of a dungeon. The great Apostle was here. And hence, from Caesarea, they took him away to Rome.

But now Caesarea is left far behind. The road before us is level. On the right side, Carmel is all the while towering up higher and higher. It is still veiled in fog, a kind of light haze, so that its face is not yet clearly visible. It has, as it were, not yet fully awakened from sleep, it has not performed its morning ablutions. The car moves swiftly on, nearer and nearer to Haifa, and Carmel becomes a majestic sight, inspiring in its tranquillity. It is strikingly beautiful, this Carmel; I cannot take my eyes from it. Carmel is very old, but in this morning light it is radiant with youthful freshness. Centuries have passed over it and vanished, but here it is, the Carmel of the Bible and of history. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth (and this Carmel!) . . . The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in" (Psalm 121.1,2,8). When, thirteen and a half years ago, I originally came to Palestine, I passed my first night upon Carmel. "The Lord shall preserve thy coming in . . ."

We are in Haifa. Haifa is more solidly built than Tel Aviv, and has something which Tel Aviv does not have: Mount Carmel. If you turn your face to the sea, behind you is Carmel, but if you look at Carmel, behind you is the sea and the harbor. This is the complete layout of Haifa. From Haifa, Carmel looks very high, but it does not appear the same as we saw it on the road. Like an old man who would look young, who wants to seem younger than his years, and decks himself in the gay apparel worn by the young people, — that is the way Carmel looks from Haifa. It puts on an aspect of being just as young as Tel Aviv. Carmel, on the side of Haifa, is all built up with attractive new houses, and buses are constantly making their way along on it, from top to bottom. The whole slope of the mountain is seething with activity. Along the beautiful streets of Carmel, you keep climbing up, as though on the roof of a house; and if you want to come down, you almost have to run. This is not the Carmel of the Bible and of the prophets, it is the Carmel of Haifa.

We are going to visit Professor Martzinkovsky. We climb up to the very summit of Carmel, going as far as the last outskirts of Haifa. Professor Martzinkovsky's little house is situated in a solitary ravine, on the slope of the mountain, and its site has been cut out of the solid rock. It is, as it were, fastened to the rock, as a swallow's nest is fastened to the wall of a house, under the roof: and it is all irradiated with the sun. Brother and Sister Martzinkovsky receive us with joy and hospitality. What a wonderful view from their windows! Ravines, rocks and sea! I stand at the window and admire it. "What do you think, — how far is it from here to the sea?" Brother M. asks me. "Twenty minutes on foot," I reply. "An hour and a half on foot," says Brother M. The transparent air deceives you as to the distance. Brother O. and Brother M. carry on a long conversation in connection with their religious work. I invite Brother M. to visit us again for the meetings in Tel Aviv. We arrange to meet next day in Nazareth. We pray, and take our leave.

Brother O. takes his place again at the wheel. This means that we are going farther on. It is three o'clock in the afternoon, and it is growing warmer. We are on the road to Tiberias by way of Nazareth. Carmel is left behind us. Farewell, Carmel, we shall see you again on our way back! The car rolls swiftly forward. Suddenly there opens before us a kind of enormous valley, extensive and very long. "Look there," says Brother O., nodding his head in the direction of the valley. It is the Valley of Jezreel, where the battle took place between King Saul and the Philistines. I have read it in my Bible, and now I see the Valley of Jezreel with my own eyes. Here the fate of Saul was decided; here he died, falling upon his sword, and here died also his son Jonathan. "Of this valley," adds Brother O., without turning his head, "Napoleon himself bore witness, that it was ideally suited to large-scale encounters. And in the future, yet another great battle will take place there,—that of Armageddon." The blood of the past, and the blood of the future. Men as yet unborn shall be slain in this valley. But they *will* be born, and here they will die. I look, and look . . . Awesome valley! It peacefully awaits its future victims. It will wait till they come.

But the car carries us farther and farther. We are beginning to climb perceptibly. Before us are new mountains, but this time not Carmel; we are far from Carmel and the sea. These are the mountains of Galilee.

4.15 P.M. We are passing by a village. The driver explains: "This is Cana of Galilee." Again I look closely. This then is that Cana, of which I have read in the second chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. Here it is! Here our Lord performed the first of His miracles, turning the water into wine. Here there was a wedding, and He came to the wedding. Here, not on the pages of my Gospel, but here. My curious gaze and thought are involuntarily asking: "Where, where precisely, in this house or in that?" I see an ordinary mountain village. But that does not matter. This is Cana of Galilee; it is not New York, it is not Tel Aviv. Somewhere here, Mary went up to Him and asked His help, for "They have no wine." And He helped them. Here . . .

4.40 P.M. We are beginning to descend from the mountains of Galilee. The car is not going so fast, down-hill; Brother O. is driving very carefully. We are going down to the Lake of Gennesaret, which is situated 400 meters below sea-level. We were up very high, on the ridge of the hills of Galilee; we must descend very low. Suddenly I see a big sign by the road, with large letters on it, visible at a distance: "SEA LEVEL." This means we have come down to the level of the sea, and now we are going down farther, below sea level. We continue to descend, down, down. "Now we are going to plunge into the sea," says Brother O., jokingly, pressing down the brake.

The friendly voice at the wheel continues to explain things to me, though the driver does not turn his head or take his eyes from the road. In Hebrew this Sea of Galilee is called the Sea of Chinnereth. "Chinnereth" means a violin, for this lake is shaped like that instrument. We go a little farther down, around two or three more bends in the road, and suddenly—what a wonderful sight! Far below, beneath our feet, a beautiful picture is revealed: the Sea of Galilee, calm as a mirror. It seemed as though it was greeting us, as we sat there so far above, in the close quarters of that automobile, and was inviting us to come down to its own spacious surface. On the other side of the Sea of Galilee, directly opposite us, there towered up in the mist the ancient mountains of Moab. I gazed intently. Yes, the Sea of Galilee does indeed suggest the shape of a violin,—Chinnereth. But for me, in the last analysis, this was not important. Whether it was shaped like a violin, or not, did not really matter. But there, by the shore of this lake,

He once called Simon and Andrew, and they followed Him. They left their nets and followed Him. There, from the boat, He taught the people. Behold, there on this lake, which I now see from the automobile, there once arose a great storm, and the disciples were alone in the boat, by night, in the midst of the sea. He saw them from the mountain (it may be, from this very one which we are now descending), having difficulty in rowing; and He went across this same lake by night, walking on the waves. Peter got out of the boat to come and meet Him, but he began to sink . . . This is written not only on the pages of my Gospel, but also on this lake which I see now, lying beneath us.

It is growing dark. We have come down from the mountain, and we enter Tiberias. We go past the Scotch Mission Hospital, and ride on, past the limits of Tiberias. The road leads along the shores of the Sea of Galilee; it is close to us, only a few metres away. A little later on, Brother O. slows down the automobile, and stops at the gate of a two-story house. It is completely dark already, the night has fallen. Where are we?

This is the home of our friend, Brother K. Syvants, from Finland. By a special revelation from above (most interesting, though space does not permit me to speak of it here), he sold his land and his forest in Finland, and journeyed with his family to the Holy Land, in order to be the light of Christ among the sons of Jacob. It was strange to see the little flaxen heads of his children, recalling the North, here by the Sea of Galilee. Brother and Sister Syvants showed us great hospitality. In the evening, in a room on the second floor, they lighted a huge Christmas-tree, that touched the ceiling. Beside the tree, in a corner of the room, there was a wide, spacious window, that faced toward the lake. At that very moment, the moon began to rise from behind the mountains of Moab. Sitting at the table, over our Christmas supper, we enjoyed this wonderful scene, which could not be duplicated anywhere, in any other place. In the corner was the decorated Christmas-tree, with the light of its little candles, and beside it was the view of the Sea of Galilee by night, illuminated by the moon. Many trees were lighted this Christmas in houses in Europe and America, but not by the Sea of Galilee. We sang, prayed, and gave thanks to Him, who not only walked by this sea, but died in Jerusalem on Calvary, ransomed us from our sins, rose, and sitteth at the right hand of the Father, in order to come again and reign.

December 27th. It is a still, warm morning. The first rays of the sun strike the slumbering lake. From the window I see the fishermen at their work. They are not Peter and Andrew, or James and John, but their brothers of two thousand years later, fishermen of Galilee. Brother Syvants bought their catch, and later we had this fish for dinner.

10 A.M. Brother O. is at the wheel; this means we are ready to start. The whole party assembles. This morning we shall devote to seeing the sights of Capernaum. We have to go around the oval shore of the lake. The road is very bad: there are sharp stones and pits, we move forward very slowly, and are tossed from one side to the other. I hear the driver's voice saying to me: "If it weren't for the new tires, nothing would induce me to dare venture over this terrible road." I agree. We are a long, long time on the way. The day grows hot and wearisome. We are inclined to forget that beside us is the Sea of Galilee.

Finally we reach Capernaum, or, more correctly speaking, the site of Capernaum, not far from the place where the Jordan empties into the lake. There is a Catholic monastery here. The guide shows us the ruins of the synagogue where the Master once preached. It was destroyed by an earth-

quake, buried under several meters of earth, and then excavated. The flag-stone floor, the stone seats, etc., date back to the time of Christ. Here He used to come on the Sabbath, and taught, and—O iniquity!—healed a man on the Sabbath. A strange feeling takes hold of me, when I stand in the midst of this synagogue. Here they sat and heard Him. Will Christ not come here today, will the sound of His voice not be heard again? No, He has finished His work on earth.

December 28th. We say good-bye to the Syvants family. We pass by Cana of Galilee again, going back in the direction of Nazareth. In Nazareth we stop for several hours. We find it entirely an Arab town. In Nazareth religious work flourishes, there are a great many believers, young people who have been converted. The young people are joyful, gay, with shining faces. There is a healthy religious atmosphere. We are the guests of Brother Jamil, the leader of the Nazareth assembly of believers. His apartment is on the roof, along which one may walk, and from which you can see the whole of Nazareth. Professor Martzinkovsky is here now too, having arrived from Haifa. We walk to the edge of the roof, and admire Nazareth. It is situated in a hollow, and surrounded with mountains on all sides. These mountains, as it were, shield it from the rest of the world; that is why it has such a comfortable, peaceful aspect. Here, in this quietness, He was preparing Himself for His last three years of service.

"Look there," the Professor says to me. "There is the 'Mount of Overthrow,' from which they wanted to cast Him down." "And they led him unto the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong" (Luke 4.29).

It is evening. The car moves swiftly along; we are descending the mountains of Galilee from the western side. Again we draw near to Carmel, which has stretched out its long evening shadows to meet us. Professor M. is with us. "Look," he says, indicating a high point on Carmel, on the horizon. "there the prophet Elijah built an altar and offered sacrifices, after the priests of Baal had failed; and below is the brook Kishon, where those priests were slain." Again the Bible is made visible before us.

It begins to grow dark. We come into Haifa, and Brother M. says farewell to us. It is five o'clock in the afternoon. We start for home. It is already quite dark. We are drawing near to Tel Aviv, that stuffy, dusty, bustling, materialistic Tel Aviv. We are drawing near also to the new year 1951, and to new work and efforts, done in His Name and by His mercy.

Yours in Him,

JAMES YUK.

Their Walk With Him

Dear Prayer-helpers:-

"And it came to pass, that while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus himself drew near, and went with them. But their eyes were holden that they should not know Him" (Luke 24.15,16).

What a wonderful thing for a believer to have Christ join his daily walk, with His deep interest in all the details of life, particularly the spiritual. It is wonderful to have Him consciously near, and let Him direct every phase of life. Then it is not necessary to walk in such despondency as the two disciples going to Emmaus, even if all seems to have gone wrong. When the enemy has apparently triumphed, and all hopes have failed, His presence gives the assurance: "Fear not, I am with thee!"

Personally, there is a precious assurance for us, that no matter how things may go, He is near, He is concerned, and will not permit us to be tested above that which He finds necessary. We notice some who seem to have all things going their way, and are apparently successful, but is it permanent? Too often we see the amazing results dwindle to nothing; therefore we are happy to know that He guides for the eternal results.

In regard to others around us, when we see their vain struggle, we would lead them to this blessed consciousness of His real presence, so that they may leave the folly of their own imaginations, and may learn fully to depend on Him. It is sad to see the spirit of despondency. People find themselves disappointed even in their religious hopes, in spite of all their devotions, and all mediators, which do not lead them to the consciousness of His presence. Repeatedly we hear how they came with high hopes, only to find themselves thwarted in every legitimate hope, or lawful chance, as they see it. They came, expecting the Western Democracy to take them up with open arms, and find it so much harder to see themselves treated as just individuals among the many. They do not ask: Have we shown concern for others? Who is under obligation to fulfill our desires, and take care of us?

Instead of Christ, they preferred men for their leaders, whose pretensions were known to them. It was convenient to hide themselves behind the failures of the leaders, for thus their own perverted lives were not exposed. But now, when they come to feel the perversity of their own leaders, and truly repent, they are ready to blame God for everything. Some of these refugees have been rich, and resent the fact that they are now among the poor and destitute, — as if someone owed them a better living. Instead of being thankful for a refuge, and admitting that God is drawing them to Himself, they disdain His gentle leading, and sell their souls for temporary comfort.

Of course, there are "crooks" here also, who make their business off from other people's misery. Though it may be hard to lay hands on them, occasionally their tricks become apparent. Lately the kitchen staff in one of the camps was changed, and the occupants were pleasantly surprised at the increase in all rations which the new personnel was handing out; the former had stolen it for themselves. This thing is known to go on, from the priests down through all offices. The people say: If we cannot trust even the representative of God, whom then can we trust? They do not know the present Saviour, nor how to trust Him.

Possibly the saddest disappointment comes when someone, after years of waiting, has finally successfully passed all the instances of scrutiny, and is already in the transport toward the land of his destination, when a secret denouncement causes him to be put off, even at the embarkation point, and sent back, not knowing why, nor having a chance to defend himself. Such experiences tend to harden people, however, instead of moving them to an earnest searching of hearts — how do I stand before God?

Of course, there is a great demand for recommendations from the United States, but whether those who sponsor some such "unknown quantity" will be satisfied, that is another question. Despite repeated scrutiny from various angles, there are still loopholes for unscrupulous pretenders. They will promise or claim anything, just to get to the land of their desire, expecting to carry out their own plans afterwards. On this earth it is possible to simulate, but the Lord will not be mocked, not even by religious pretenders. Therefore it is important for them to realize that God is always present, no mere figure or picture, but the living God, omniscient. Often do I call attention to the fact that God knows all about these present hard-

ships, and that He is testing them, to see who are the real believers, with actual trust in Him. Those who have not sought Him in their good times, do not confide in Him in their seasons of hardship either.

So much more cheering it is when, among all these perversities, a soul is found that will really honor God. One cannot be too careful, and it is wise not to claim anyone as a genuine convert before he gives actual evidence of a new life. Take the case of a young doctor, who has rich relatives in the United States who supply him with money and food. He seemed really interested, and desired me to talk with him about his soul's salvation. But it proved to be merely a Jesuitical trick, with the one aim in view, of reporting to the priest what was going on. He knows the power that the priest has, no matter how "crooked" he may be, to further or to thwart one's chances of getting to the United States. The young fellow knows very well that it would take several years for him to get there on the regular immigration quota, but the priest can push him through more readily. Therefore he is a faithful attendant at the services, and a henchman, to earn his "number" for going to the United States.

Are there, then, really any honest souls here? It would be too lengthy to describe all the vagaries and so-called "faiths" in which the people trust. Let me mention just one young couple, who became really bitter when their religiosity was pointed out as being insufficient before God. They claimed to be evangelical, but it did not matter to them if they knew but little of the Bible. They would discuss religious matters, so long as there was no challenge of their position with respect to God. Just give them credit for their own efforts to be good, and they could be exceedingly nice. It would be considered very rude not to agree with their "hope of heaven." But how could we leave them in that delusion, and on the way to perdition?

It became evident that only a direct challenge could break their imaginary ideas. This caused much resentment, and made the case look almost hopeless. Several "attacks" were necessary, and the husband managed to evade the issue by some real or pretended duty. But the young woman was "nailed down," and even claimed that she had given up smoking, to prove that she was right. It was a battle royal for a soul, and the quotations from the Word finally won the ground. At last she realized that it was the honor of God to be trusted in, and that she was not saved by her own effort. That comes later, after the trust; one delights in doing His will, because of being already saved. And she shows this, inviting others, doing a quite different type of "work" than she did before.

The husband was won while he listened to a battle with a third soul. And another young couple was there, from whom we had no chance to hear, but wanted to keep track of them, to carry out the message to its final point, if they had not yielded in the meantime. At any rate, no conversion is claimed until it is proven. Under the "Youth for Christ" and similar movements, we see too much of an exhilaration of mind, a temporary enthusiasm, but when a test comes, it does not stand the strain, it will not hold out. For that reason we ask your prayers, that we may not compromise in any way, but may hold forth the fullness of salvation, resulting in a real new life.

Again a year is past, and we thank you for the faithful standing with us in prayer and support, and pray the Lord of the Harvest to grant you such joys at this season as will glorify Him, and make you partakers of that heavenly joy, that comes from the soul's salvation. May His grace be very abundant among you. We remain, yours in His glad service,

EDNA and CHARLES LUKESH.

Co-Workers with God

Biel-Mett, Switzerland, December, 1950.

Dear Fellow-Workers:-

Since quite a number of you have had a hand in providing the three large Gospel tents for Germany, I think I ought to make a brief mention of this work. Recent reports tell of about a million people having visited the Gospel tents in Germany. It is my personal conviction that this is one of the means that reaches the masses as no other drive will. Though each tent holds only about 1200 people, up to three or four thousand have been inside and outside a single tent at once. This year, for the first time, cities have been visited that are inhabited by 90% Roman Catholics. Often there were only about one hundred believers to be found that backed up the tent work by prayer, gifts and coöperation. Nevertheless, the visitors began with 400 people, going up to 1300, filling the tent to capacity. A special effort was made in each case to reach the children, and they did come, up to 330 at one time. In one particular city, the stream was so great that, in addition to the large tent, a small one had to be erected, to hold 540 people. By means of the loud-speaker, the crowd in both tents could hear the speaker simultaneously. During the whole summer, thousands have been dealt with, and in some single campaigns up to 400 remained as inquirers. Let us praise God for these encouraging reports. The Swiss Gospel tents cannot report anything that could favorably compare. Nevertheless, souls have been saved, and many have been shown the way of salvation.

Who is my neighbor? Christ answered by saying: "A certain man went down . . ." We do not know whether it was a sinner or a saint. But one thing about him is beyond question: that man was down and out, and had been robbed of everything, on account of having fallen among thieves. We cannot possibly pass by the half-dead who need our assistance and help, both spiritually and materially. What doth it profit, my dear brethren, if a man say he hath faith, but have not works? (James 2.14.)

Thus we have been but helpers and co-workers with God. Only in measure as God has prospered us, we have been able to pass on such help as had been sent to us. Christian friends in Switzerland have contributed during 1950 about 1100 packages and parcels with clothing, shoes, literature and all kinds of household goods, for the benefit of the refugees from eastern Europe. From month to month we still get numerous letters asking for all kinds of help. About six tons of food, clothing, shoes, medicines, etc., were sent out the past year. We are sorry to say that, for every application considered, there are one or two applications that have to be put off, because we do not have either the funds or clothes or material to help. However, we do our utmost, and there is probably hardly a really urgent application that has not been answered. There is no better Christian evidence than the sacrificial gifts of alive Christians to the needy. It is not hard then to find gates and hearts wide open to respond to the Gospel of Christ. Of course we all know from time to time the heaviness and tiredness of it all, — but then, what would happen if the Lord should ever grow tired of us? The hundreds of letters of thanks, and the joy that whole families have been contacted and led to Christ, encourages us daily, in addition to the assurance that we labor at His bidding.

As a whole, the year 1950 brought heavy strains upon us. The printing of Gospel tracts never could keep pace with the demands. To reduce costs, we dismissed a faithful Christian worker who had handled the packing-room for three years. Since July, Mrs. Stettler, a Christian widow and my-

self have carried on, while our boys, outside their school, assist in every possible way, so far as errands are concerned. The eldest daughter, Ruth, will soon complete her first year in the office of Dr. Pache, of the French Swiss Bible School at Vennes. During her vacation and spare time she takes care of the bookkeeping. Christa soon ends her practical year in the social service center. God willing, she is to leave early next year for England, to get a thorough knowledge of the English language. Hanna is the one who for a number of years has suffered from tubercular glands. Several years ago she spent eight months at the sanatorium. Now the old trouble has returned, and she is again away, nearly five thousand feet up, and has to stay presumably six months. We are thankful that she is of a courageous and happy disposition, and the mildest case at the sanatorium. Nevertheless, we are thankful to all who remember her in prayer. The younger children still go to school.

Our family and many hundreds of Christian workers and refugees unite with us in sending you grateful thanks for all help and coöperation in this work of faith and service of love.

(From a personal letter, dated November 28th.) November 9th my mother-in-law (Martha's mother) went home to be with Christ. Before I left for a meeting, Martha said I should go and pray with her, and this I did. When I arrived home she had just passed into eternity. We had her with us for a year and nine months, her left side being paralyzed. She was a saintly character of great humility and absolute selflessness. On the 14th of November her stay in Switzerland was to be renewed by a new passport. Now, on the 13th, she was buried, and is freed from all passports and permits, which are such a great burden here.

Here are some of the great prayer-burdens of our hearts: (1) The millions in eastern European lands that suffer, among them especially the many Christians and Christian workers. (2) We pray for able and gifted writers of Gospel tracts, and stories. A very great and nearly untouched field, to reach the younger generation with suitable Gospel literature, awaits us. Most important is the choice of right material; only the best is good enough. This saves untold sums of the money of God's people. (3) God's intervening might in the flooding of anti-Christian forces and teachings that threaten to wreck all the world. (4) For the tens of thousands that are constantly reached by Gospel efforts in the tents, and in the spreading of millions of copies of printed literature, that they may break through to a clear and sound faith, and find fellowship with Christian churches.

These are some of our concerns. Of course there are many others, but I mention only those that interest all friends of the mission. Now, dear Sister Smith, I can't but pray for you and the mission. I must tell you that the Fellowship has made good strides forward since you took over, and I am proud of the big job you have accomplished since. God bless you. Greetings and all good wishes go with this letter. Thanks personally for all you have undertaken to help us from month to month.

Yours in Him,

FRED and MARTHA STETTLER.

"WHAT, NO PICTURES AGAIN?"—This is the second consecutive number of THE EUROPEAN HARVEST FIELD which has carried no illustrations. This was not intentional, it just happened that way. We would be glad to hear from our readers whether they favor the use of numerous pictures, or whether they would prefer to have all the space utilized for news. Please write us your preferences.

"They Were Stoned . . ."

Germany, Christmas, 1950.

Our dear Friends:-

Let me first thank you for all your love and generosity which you have shown toward us during the past year. Your love was a blessing not only to my beloved wife and me, but also to many needy friends in our town. I know that "God, who seeth in secret, himself shall reward you openly."

Let me now make a short report about our work during the first year of our duty here. We are located in the most crowded part of the city. We have every Sunday a congregation of about 450 to 550 people. There are at least 100 unconverted people, and about 30 entire strangers. Our place is a real missionary one. We plan to have our last baptism during Sylvester-Night (the last night of the old year), with about twenty-five or thirty men and women who have dedicated their lives to Christ. To the praise of our Lord we are able to say, that about one hundred people have been baptized (including the last twenty-five on Sylvester-Night) during the year 1950.

We have at the present time about 550 members in the main church and about 150 in a smaller, as we call it, "daughter-church." Great stress has been laid on the young people's work during the past year. Our Sunday-School works with 450 children in the main church and 130 in the smaller one. We have two groups of young people (16 to 25 years old), with 80 and 35 members respectively; two groups of young boys and girls (10 to 14 years old), with 75 and 40 members respectively, and three classes of children who attend religious education studies, with a total of 80. Thus we can say that we have been working with nearly 900 young people. We are grateful to our Lord that He has given us the possibility to preach His Gospel to so many girls and boys.

During the past summer we have had three "Bible Vacation Camps," which are a little different from yours. We look for a beautiful spot somewhere in the country, and then we move out of our noisy and crowded town. We use mostly the rooms of any Baptist chapel, where we stay and live for seven to ten days. Our camps have mainly a missionary goal. Last summer quite a number of young people dedicated their lives to Christ.

One night we had a serious accident, through which my dear wife almost lost her left eye. But God's hand was upon her, and only a little scar is now to be seen. The boy who threw the stone (he did not intend to hurt anyone!) was a stone-hard infidel. But God worked on him. While my wife was bleeding badly, some of the other girls collapsed (it happened all in a stormy night, far away from our camp), two of them suffering serious heart attacks. The nearest hospital was twenty miles away, and we were helpless in a forest, without a car for transport, or any medical aid. Seeing all this, the boy decided to kill himself, but in the very last second somebody discovered him and was able to prevent this suicide. We know that God sent this man, at that very second, to this hidden place.

I can't relate the whole story, it would take too much space in my letter, but at last all the girls became well again, and the infidel surrendered to Christ, after four hours of constant prayer by the whole camp community. It was 3 A.M. when the heavy storm was over, and there was peace in a happy soul, which had belonged to the Satanic powers only a few hours before.

After this accident, which turned out to be a real blessing in disguise, we experienced a true spiritual awakening among our people. A large num-

ber of young people, who have belonged to Christ for some years, decided to start a real life with Him. To speak the truth, they started to be Christians.

God's promises are true, He is with us always! He takes care for His Church, and He will prepare us for His kingdom.

Yours, till He comes,

PAUL GÖTZE.

Briefer News Messages

PORTUGAL. — May I heartily thank you for all your kind collaboration with us in the Lord's service, for the literature sent, periodicals, and prayers. In spite of various disappointments, we go on with the Lord's help, and trying to encourage some of our older, but discouraging brothers, who are always weeping over past glories, etc. We must keep silence concerning our own sorrows and difficulties, to encourage everyone, as it is our duty and privilege. Blessed be the Name of the Lord, who deigns to use us through sorrows and difficulties of every kind! . . . I am thankful to the friends who have provided me with literature for free distribution. But funds are needed to print more, and for the large and continuous postal expenses. I am longing to print some special tracts and booklets, especially for young people, and for believers in general. Up to now, I have been unable to reprint my Bible studies on the very timely subject of our Lord's Second Coming. I always have much joy in accepting invitations from other Churches to minister the Word there, but ask the Lord to use me in a special way in my Local Assembly of Santa Catarina, where the major part of my life has been spent. I pray the Lord to raise up the gifted collaborators that I need there. Thanks in advance for prayer. — GUIDO WALDEMAR OLIVEIRA.

AUSTRIA. — The street preaching in Vienna and Mödling during the year 1950 was richly blessed by God, until in September the cold and damp weather made it necessary to discontinue. A number of local preachers assisted me. At every meeting we distributed quantities of literature, tracts, Bible portions, etc. In Vienna, a good many of those present accepted the invitation to follow to the after-meetings held in the mission hall. To all those who helped through intercession and love-gifts we wish to express our warmest thanks. God willing, this ministry of street-preaching will be resumed in May, 1951, and we ask your support through prayer. — MAX MONSKY.

GERMANY. — In June, 1945, we received orders to return to our previous centre of work and put the mission office in running order again. There was no means of transportation; we put our few things on a cart, and we two women walked for six hours, finally reaching our destination. We went on this road like all the other refugees, with tears and prayers, the others round us mostly with curses and muttered oaths. Often we had only a crust soaked in water to sustain us after such a day's work. It took us about seventeen trips with the cart and a few more with our rucksacks to get through this ordeal.

Under a rubbish-heap we found a devotional book, and read the text for that day: "Hide thyself by the brook Cherith, and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there" (I Kings 17.3,4). We prayed over this, and pondered the words in our hearts. We had a friend paint these significant words upon three cards: "By the Brook Cherith," "I," "There." We put these on the empty walls. We wanted to have before us this visible token of God's promise, that we should not forget where we had come to live: by the brook Cherith. And God had promised to care for us there, and nowhere else.

Soon we saw people around us, who were drifting still in their sea of despair—of fright, hunger, cold, nakedness, misery, anguish and terror. God helped us to give them shelter. I remember one woman especially, a pastor's wife. We had never met her before. She came on a day when we had nothing to eat but four potatoes, two turnips and two carrots. And now we were four people, and we had a real dinner of this, we were satisfied and happy. Only our visitor was not happy. She wept and wept. She began to pray, confessing to God her grievous sin of unbelief, in front of her dinner-plate. She simply was stricken by the food, offered to her in Jesus' Name. From now on there was an upward movement in her life, and in that of her family, after the grievous months of 1945. These examples could be given by the hundreds. Glory to God alone!

And what about the ravens, God's winged messengers! His ravens were so diligent. Just as the need arose, they brought all necessities along: potatoes and vegetables, all sorts of strengthening, wholesome food, coal and wood, window-panes and nails, shoes and shoe-soles. Before we knew what was happening, we had a regular little mission of our own. We called it "Private Love." We never intended to start it, it started itself. Many hundred hungry and freezing guests were well supplied, kept alive, and their supplications were changed into praises. Under the care of the blessed hands of our beloved Lord, in the peaceful atmosphere by the Brook Cherith, many a broken heart has been healed, and many a bruised reed lifted up again.

In spirit we review the arrival of your precious parcels. Each unpacking moved our hearts, as we thought of you working hard for us, because you wanted to show us your love. We can only repeat: every garment, every article of any sort or description, has become a source of happiness and relief. Here are some typical comments: "Your coat saved me: my old one was only a ruin." "I was afraid to wear my old coat: I feared it might fall to pieces." A pastor's widow writes: "Thanks for the beautiful warm coat. I never could have bought it: it will save me this winter." Perhaps it is hard for you to understand what a warm garment means. Imagine that you go out on a bitterly cold night, in a thin dress, into your courtyard. And when you think you must die from the frost, then get back into the warm house, and slip into something comfortable. That is what it feels like at this end. And when it comes to living in unheated rooms, as some people are compelled to do now for the sixth winter, then you may understand what your loving sacrifices mean to these friends.

A man who passed through the hell of three years in a concentration camp writes: "We were in such crying need. I am a broken, old man. We are all in rags. My wife has only a fragment of a petticoat. In the night she has no garment to wear. For months we have had no potatoes. In this distress I went into the field to pray, and on my return my wife cried: 'Go to the postoffice to fetch a parcel!' I wept for joy. We are so upset for sheer happiness that there are no more words to express our feelings. There is the fat, meat, dried potatoes and beans, which nourish us well. Also the warm coat and dress for my wife, coat, suit and underwear for me. We can only pray and praise. Yes, I dare to say that any man can experience the most possible nearness of God only in the deepest bodily need and soul-anguish, when he passes, full of faith, through the deepest depth of suffering. Human words are not adequate to describe the happiness, peace, joy and comfort I felt, in spite of all my misery. I derived so much comfort from God, when my wife, half an hour before mealtime, did not know what to prepare. And after the meal we were satisfied that we could live until the next, though there was nothing but dry bread."

(For the sake of the writer's safety, her name is not given here.)

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN FELLOWSHIP RECEIPTS—December, January, 1951
(The First National Bank in Yonkers is depositary for all gifts.)

34569--\$10.00	34623--\$10.00	34677---\$2.00	34731--\$15.00
34570--100.00	34624---5.00	34678---5.00	34732---2.00
34571---5.00	34625---50.00	34679---11.00	34733---10.00
34572---2.00	34626---1.00	34680---1.00	34734---5.96
34573---1.00	34627---10.00	34681---2.00	34735---75.00
34574---10.00	34628---10.00	34682---50.00	34736---3.00
34575---1.00	34629---15.00	34683---5.00	34737---6.00
34576---50.00	34630---5.00	34684---5.00	34738---30.00
34577---50.00	34631---5.00	34685---100.00	34739---1.00
34578---25.00	34632---10.00	34686---20.00	34740---10.00
34579---5.00	34633---3.00	34687---5.00	34741---50.00
34580---50.00	34634---20.00	34688---25.00	34742---10.00
34581---10.00	34635---50.00	34689---35.00	34743---20.00
34582---1.00	34636---1.00	34690---1.00	34744---10.00
34583---10.00	34637---2.00	34691---10.00	34745---2.00
34584---1.00	34638---4.00	34692---30.00	34746---5.00
34585---15.00	34639---5.00	34693---10.00	34747---5.00
34586---10.00	34640---1.00	34694---12.50	34748---10.00
34587---5.00	34641---5.00	34695---10.00	34749---1.00
34588---50.00	34642---1.00	34696---5.00	34750---1.00
34589---5.00	34643---10.00	34697---1.00	34751---11.00
34590---20.00	34644---3.15	34698---1.00	34752---5.00
34591---10.00	34645---1.00	34699---2.00	34753---10.00
34592---75.00	34646---3.00	34700---1.00	34754---12.00
34593---10.00	34647---10.00	34701---25.00	34755---50.00
34594---10.00	34648---10.00	34702---100.00	34756---10.00
34595---35.00	34649---45.00	34703---1.00	34757---11.00
34596---10.00	34650---1.00	34704---10.00	34758---10.19
34597---10.00	34651---2.00	34705---5.00	34759---3.00
34598---20.00	34652---5.00	34706---1.00	34760---10.00
34599---5.00	34653---2.00	34707---10.00	34761---5.00
34600---50.00	34654---5.00	34708---2.00	34762---2.00
34601---2.00	34655---25.00	34709---5.00	34763---1.00
34602---5.00	34656---75.00	34710---15.00	34764---50.00
34603---26.00	34657---5.00	34711---2.00	34765---2.00
34604---10.00	34658---12.00	34712---1.00	34766---5.00
34605---10.00	34659---1.00	34713---5.00	34767---15.00
34606---10.00	34660---2.10	34714---2.00	34768---10.00
34607---26.00	34661---5.00	34715---6.00	34769---75.00
34608---100.00	34662---2.00	34716---10.00	34770---5.00
34609---6.00	34663---25.00	34717---1.00	34771---60.00
34610---12.00	34664---10.00	34718---25.00	34772---5.00
34611---1.00	34665---5.00	34719---3.00	34773---35.00
34612---5.00	34666---5.00	34720---10.00	34774---5.00
34613---10.00	34667---75.00	34721---10.00	34775---2.00
34614---10.00	34668---2.00	34722---2.00	34776---25.00
34615---15.00	34669---1.00	34723---10.00	34777---5.00
34616---1.00	34670---5.00	34724---1.00	34778---5.00
34617---10.00	34671---5.00	34725---1.00	34779---10.00
34618---10.00	34672---2.00	34726---5.00	34780---5.00
34619---1.00	34673---6.00	34727---10.00	34781---5.00
34620---3.00	34674---50.00	34728---1.00	34782---30.00
34621---5.11	34675---2.00	34729---1.00	34783---2.00
34622---5.00	34676---20.00	34730---5.00	34784---1.00